

"someday," I told Baldy,
"they are going to invite us inside their
house and they are going to
fuck us."

"you really think so?"

"sure."

now
50 years later
I can tell you
they never did
— never mind all the stories we
told the guys;
yet, it's the dream that
keeps you going
then and
now.

THE ACTION

he buys 5 cars a month, details them, waxes and buffs
them, then
resells them at a profit of one or two grand.

he has a nice Jewish wife and he tells me that he
bangs her until the walls shake.

he wears a red cap and squints in the light, has a regular
job besides the car gig.

I have no idea of what he is trying to do and maybe he
doesn't either.

he's a nicer fellow than most, always good to see him,
we laugh, say a few bright lines.

but
each time
after I meet him
I get the blues for him, for me, for all of us:

for want of something to do
we keep slaying our small dragons
as the big one waits.